

Memories

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Summary: David Jacobs returns to NY 12 years after the strike, the day Pulitzer dies, and is confronted by his memories

Memories

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> memories **Memories**
>David Jacobs walked along the busy New York streets. His attention was not on the people or the activity, but on the past. He thought of his life here, before he had gotten a break and become an international reporter for the New York Sun. David spent most of his time in far off countries such as France or Italy now. This was his first visit here in two years. Why come at all, he said all the time. There was nothing for him here. Les was in school out in Minnesota, courtesy of David himself, Sarah had married and moved away to California-the wild west. And his parents were both dead. Nothing but memories held him to this city.
A voice broke in through his thoughts. "Extry, extry! Joseph Pulitzer dead!" David jerked toward the voice. Joseph Pulitzer. One of his strongest memories resurfaced and played itself out.
> Pulitzer standing in his office. "Anyone who does not act, in his own self interest...is a fool." David coming forward, "Then what does that make you?" "What?" Jack....oh, Jack.... "Oh, that's Davey...the Walkin' Mouth."
>He pushed it back and walked over to the young newsie. Holding out his hand for a paper, another memory pushed forward.
 Jack saying, "The name of the game is volume Dave. You only took 20 papes. Why?" "Bad headline" he had answered, holding on to Les. "That's the foist thing you gotta learn. Headlines don't sell papes, Newsies sell papes."
> "That's a nickel, mister." A nickel? How things could change so quickly! David put the penny back in his pocket and gave the boy a nickel. He walked away, reading.
 October 30,1911

> Newspaper Mogul, Joseph Pulitzer, dead**

> New York lost one of its most important men yesterday.

Joseph Pulitzer was found dead at home early in the morning. The cause was presumably old age. Pulitzer.....**

>It went on, detailing all his achievements and good will. Quickly scanning the article, David realized that nowhere did it mention anything about the strike, or Pulitzer's greed. He smiled grimly. Even in death Pulitzer still won.
He had won in the strike, although it appeared that the newsies had beaten him. He kept his cheap labor, and still had it from the looks of the young boy he had seen.

>But that had been 12 years ago. Today was the day that the enemy had died.
The enemy. Was that term too harsh? All he had been doing was trying to make money.

>He pondered that, and thought of his friends-where they were now:
Jack had gone out to Sante Fe 5 years earlier, and no one knew what he had been doing-no word had ever come from him.

>Racetrack was now a bookie working for some gamblers down in Harlem.
Mush was working as a foreman in a factory near Brooklyn.

>Blink got a job as a groom in some rich person's house-he knew next to nothing about horses, but obviously he had used plenty of charm.
Boots, Skittery, and Itey all were now working for various newspapers.

>Spot and Crutchy were dead-Spot in a fight, only 3 years after the strike, and Crutchy from pneumonia.
Snoddy-well, David kept up with Snoddy. He had married Sarah.

>All of the others....David didn't know about.
No, enemy was a good word to use about Pulitzer. Instead of caring enough about the newsies to allow them to have some money to live off, he tried to steal the little money they managed to make. He was the enemy.

>Enemy.....
David looked around. People were bustling around these dirty New York streets he had once known like his own mind. They didn't seem to care at all about this paper which had rocked him. But why should they?

>David knew why they should care. No one had ever cared about the newsies. He had to try to make someone care. He turned on his heel and strode quickly back to his hotel.....

>Three hours went by, and finally he finished. Sitting up, he surveyed his finished product with a practiced reporter's eye. An article, all about Pulitzer....and the newsies. Pulitzer-the world will know now who he was
Twelve years ago a group of young boys rocked New York when they led a strike against the most powerful men in the city, Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst....and won.

>The whole article was only a page long, but David hoped with all his heart that the message would get across. The newspaper wouldn't print it-he knew that, Pulitzer was too important-but someone would read it. Maybe that someone-that newspaper employee- would go home and tell his family....and the family could tell the friends....and the friends would tell the world....
_ "And the world will know-and the world will learn. And the world will wonder how we made the tables turn."_

>David smiled. He would show the world. Once again he left the building, tossed the envelope containing his article in a post office box, and strode quickly to the Brooklyn Bridge. Standing in the middle, tears sprung to his eyes at those memories of all the things he had once done in this city-but would never do again. That first time he crossed this bridge.
_ "I've never been to Brooklyn before. Have you?" Naive young David, brains but no brawn. "Spent a

month there one night," "Ha!" David had laughed at Boot's outrageous comment. "So, is this Spot Conlon really dangerous?"_>David pulled the paper out of his pocket and stared at the headline for a few more minutes. Spot had been dangerous, in his own way, but had been a good person. Now gone. He threw the paper over the side and watched it slowly drift off into the black water. He could hear singing again.
_ "Once and for all we'll be there to defend one another. Once and for all every kid is a friend every friend our brother, five thousand fists in the sky! Five thousand reasons to try! We're going over the wall. Better to die than to crawl. Either we stand or we fall, for once...once and for all...."_>He could no longer see the paper. It was gone. And somehow, Pulitzer had gone too. It was over. David was no longer ruled by Pulitzer. The memories had freed him.
_ "In 1899, the streets of New Yawk City echoed wit da voices of newsies. Peddlin the newspapers of Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst...and other giants of the newspaper world. On every corner you saw 'em, carryin the banner, bringin' you the news for a penny a pape. Poor orphans and runaways, the newsies were a ragged army, without a leader. Until one day, all that changed..."-Racetrack Higgins, 1899._

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